

FIVE FRIDAYS

By
FRANK R. ADAMS

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"I'm afraid that is no way to tell," the revenue officer said pleasantly. "The worst smugglers we have are society people. We captured two of his accomplices on Huntington's island this morning, and when we get him we shall have wiped out one of the worst gangs of smugglers operating across the border."

At the mention of Huntington's island we all picked up our ears. What connection did the smugglers have with the disappearance of Mrs. Green and Lipton S. Clair?

"While you were on Huntington's island," I asked, "did you see anything of Mrs. Green?"

"Why," began the officer, with a puzzled frown, "one of our prisoners claims to be Mrs. Green, but that is only an alias for 'Mother Farrell,' whose portrait is in the rogues' gallery. I recognized her at once."

"Who is your other prisoner?" I had an inkling of what had really happened at Huntington's island since I had left it.

"The other one is a man masquerading in woman's clothes. He refuses to give his name, but I think he is Dan Maloney, a rather high class crook who does smuggling out as a side line for grand larceny."

"I'm afraid you have the wrong parties," I smiled as I thought of Lipton S. Clair's outraged dignity. "The lady really is Mrs. Green, and the gentleman is not Dan Maloney, but Mr. L. S. Clair, a well known literary man."

The revenue officer's face fell, then a suspicious look came into his eyes. "How do I know that you are not one of the gang yourself and this is merely a trick to get us to release your pals? What was Mrs. Green doing over there anyway?"

"She was out in a small boat and was blown over there during the storm," Vida volunteered.

"Miss Green," the officer addressed her huskily, "I cannot refuse to take your word. I'll have the prisoners brought ashore, and if the lady is really your mother I shall be glad to release her instantly."

Vida did not correct his mistake, but asked, "How do you know I am Miss Green?"

"Oh, I'd know you anywhere," he bragged, smiling. "I've seen your photograph in the newspapers so often."

So he had, but not with the name of Lucile Green attached to it.

"Thank you ever so much for your kindness."

"Not at all," he returned; then, addressing the man in the dinghy, "Smith."

"Aye, sir."

"Report to Marshal Cochran on board and ask him to bring his prisoners ashore."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Happy Party.

THE men departed and after an interval returned with two unmistakably Mrs. Green and Mr. Clair, the other a United States federal officer. Mrs. Green was decorated with a handkerchief, which was tied over her mouth.

"I had to gag the game," explained the marshal. "She kept yelling all the time."

The look which the disheveled lady in the red felt gown cast upon Uncle Sam's representative probably burned a hole in his aura which will never heal up.

"Remove the gag," the revenue officer commanded.

"Wait," Vida requested; "wait until after I have identified her."

That was a wonderful inspiration on Vida's part. As the two women had never met eyes on each other before, Mrs. Green might not address Vida as her own offspring as soon as the power of speech was restored to her.

"If you say she is your mother it is all right," said Vida's new conquest gallantly. "You may remove the handkerchief yourself if you like. I trust your mother will forgive us for our blunder. Can you identify the gentleman too?"

troit and thence to the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kan."

"Will you give him a square meal?" Bopp asked anxiously.

"Why, yes," smiled the officer. "We have a good cook on board, and we would not starve a prisoner."

"All right," Bopp sighed. "Do I sit at the description?"

The officer laughed. "I knew you all the time, Binn. Step lively. Get aboard, and we'll have you safe in jail in no time."

With a wink to the rest of us, Bopp climbed into the boat with a demeanor that otherwise would have been a credit to Sydney Carton.

When the boat was being rowed away he waved farewell.

"Don't worry," he reassured us. "I won't be in jail long."

"We won't worry," I answered for all. "Stay as long as you like."

After the tug had gone Clair stood looking disconsolately after it.

"You don't seem overjoyed at being set free," I said to him in a low voice, so that the others could not hear.

"Didn't I tell you I wanted to be arrested so that Miss Dunmore would break our engagement? Jail is better than marriage any time. They shorten jail sentences for good behavior." He shook his fist at the departing tug. "They were just ready to have breakfast on board too."

A confusion of inarticulate sounds advised me that Miss Dunmore was removing the gag from her hastily adopted mother's mouth.

"Who are you?" Mrs. Green demanded as soon as she could speak.

"Where's Lucile? What is the next thing I have to do, loop the loop or be electrocuted?"

"I'm a castaway, wrecked on your island," Vida explained. "Your daughter is all right."

"Where is she?" Mrs. Green fired the question at me as if I were in some way responsible.

"Why—I started to explain, but realized suddenly that Mrs. Green might not take kindly to the idea of her daughter's present costume, so I stopped."

"She's over there," Captain Perkins waved in the general direction of the thicket where we had last heard Lucile.

"Dead?" Mrs. Green murmured, leaning for support on my arm.

"No, no," interposed Vida, who should have done the explaining in the first place. "She is just taking a nap. She has had such a terribly exhausting experience the last forty-eight hours that we were all thankful when she dozed off a little while ago. Poor thing, the rest will do her a world of good."

"What's she sleeping over there for?" pointing at the bushes. "Why isn't she in her own bed in the house?"

"Oh, the house," Vida repeated blankly. "Didn't any one tell you? There isn't any house."

"No house? Why not?"

"Your house, madam," said Captain Perkins, "has been consumed by the devouring element." He quoted a fire insurance advertisement from memory.

"Well, well," Mrs. Green repeated in a daze. "Well, well."

Lipton S. Clair plucked me by the sleeve to attract my attention and whispered in my ear, "Where are my pants?"

"Why," I replied, "I sent them over to Huntington's island, as I promised I would."

"Are they there now?"

"Yes, Bill left them in the kitchen for you."

"Then I suppose I'll have to wear this."

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Helping the Meat and Milk Supply

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)

SAVE MEAT WITH MILK.



This is the Source of the Nearest Approach to a Perfect Human Food.

MILK IS PERFECT FOR HUMAN FOOD

Department of Agriculture Urges More Liberal Use of Product to Save Meat.

IT EXCELS ALL OTHER FOODS

There Are Always Sick Children in All Localities Where Milk Is Scarce—Excellent for Body-Building Protein.

Milk is the nearest approach to a perfect human food, and it is by far the best food for children. Children must have milk in order to develop properly, and all persons of whatever age need it in order to keep in proper condition.

The advice of the United States department of agriculture is: "Save on other things if you can, but not on milk, your child's best food."

Children who do not get milk, but are given tea and coffee instead, are for the most part sickly. There are always many sick children in cities and in countries where milk is scarce.

When prices go up and mothers begin to economize on milk, more children become sick. That is one of the things that, under any and every condition, the government regards it as essential to guard against.

Food must be saved to feed the army and money must be saved to finance the war, but the nation's children, who in a little while will be the nation's men and women must be given their opportunity for health and strength.

Incidentally, the liberal use of milk does save meat and other transportable foods.

Needed for Bones and Teeth.

Children, in larger measure than grown persons, require lime. It is needed, particularly, for their bones and teeth, and in smaller quantities for their blood and other parts of their bodies. Milk is the chief food for lime. A cup of milk contains approximately four times as much lime as an egg. It is the cheapest food for lime.

Milk is also an excellent food for body-building protein. In that respect it is like eggs and meat. Milk protein is especially good for children, but it is good for and should be used by everybody.

Milk, in addition, is an excellent fuel food. Children, who are much more active than adults, need more fuel to burn in their bodies to help them run and play and work. The fat and the milk sugar burn up as fuel. A quart of milk gives the same amount of fuel as a pound of lean meat. A quart of milk gives the same amount of fuel as eight eggs. Milk, even at advanced cost, is the cheapest fuel food. Take your pencil and make a little comparison in cents.

Skim Milk Also Good.

Whole milk, of course, is the best food. But skim milk is good food, too. It has the lime, the sugar and the protein of the whole milk. It is deficient in fat and has not much of the growth substances as has whole milk. Use whole milk—but do not throw away the skim milk.

Every child, big or little, should have plenty of milk. The big boys and girls need it only slightly less than do the babies, and grown persons need it only slightly less than the big boys and girls.

Be liberal with the milk ration. Do not think of milk merely as a refreshing drink. Think of it as a good, nourishing food—the best food. The children need other foods, of course—vegetables, fruits, cereals. But, most of all, they need milk.

Be sure that the milk is clean and fresh when it is delivered to you, and that you keep it cold and clean and covered until it is used.

To Extend Motor Service.

Because the motor truck route for eggs recently established between England and Millville, N. J., and New York city—about 190 miles—has proven so successful, plans are made to add more trucks to carry vegetables.

LIVE STOCK NOTES

The brood sows receive enough corn to keep them in good shape and either tankage or beans to balance the corn.

Of meat products pork is probably the most indispensable in army rations. The necessity of increasing pork production in this emergency is great and imperative.

and fruit throughout the producing season. The truck company has agreed to supply as many trucks as are needed and is glad to get the business, because it fits in with the hauling of merchandise from New York city to Philadelphia, and insures the trucks going back loaded to New York.

DRINK LOTS OF MILK

Be liberal in the use of milk. It is good food—the best food in the world, in fact—and for all the milk that is used a considerable quantity of transportable food is saved for overseas.

Give the children plenty of whole milk, and drink a fair quantity yourself. It is one of the best bone and body builders.

Do not throw away the skim milk. It contains the protein, sugar and lime of whole milk.

Get acquainted—unless you already are—with the charms of buttermilk. It is a refreshing cold drink—quite as refreshing as any you could buy at a fountain. And it is a fine food. Men can do hard manual labor on buttermilk alone. That has been demonstrated.

Save, certainly, but save the milk. Do not try to save on milk.

MARKETING BUTTER AND CHEESE BY PARCEL POST

Creameries, dairies and individual farms, in various instances which have been authenticated by the bureau of markets of the United States department of agriculture, have developed a successful system of parcel post marketing for butter and cheese.

The conclusion reached by specialists of the department as a result of a number of experimental shipments is that well-made butter, thoroughly chilled before shipping, may be marketed successfully by parcel post when packed in a suitable container and where extremely high temperatures are not encountered. Shipments during extremely hot weather frequently are unsatisfactory.

The bureau of markets received 454 shipments of butter, coming distances of from 187 to 536 miles, during various months of the year. Of these shipments 440, or 96.9 per cent, were received in satisfactory condition. The bureau reshipped butter to various state experimental stations and the shipments arrived in good condition where the temperature and distance were not too great. In general, shipments from Washington were successful when forwarded as far north as Maine and as far west as Michigan and Indiana. Shipments into the South were successful shorter distances.

Farmers' Bulletin 930, "Marketing Butter and Cheese by Parcel Post," issued by the United States department of agriculture, gives detailed advice on methods which have been found advantageous. The bulletin urges that every care and precaution be exercised in making the butter and preparing it for shipment. The shipping container should properly protect the butter and packages should be packed as near to mail time as possible in order to obtain delivery in the quickest practicable time.

The postal regulations provide that when butter is so packed or wrapped as to prevent damage to other mail it will be accepted for delivery either at the office of mailing or on any rural route starting therefrom. Butter will also be accepted for mailing to all offices to which, in the ordinary course of mail, it can be sent without spoiling when suitably wrapped or inclosed or when packed in crates, boxes, or other suitable containers.

It is well to stamp or write on packages of better: "BUTTER—Keep away from heating apparatus."

Isolate Affected Calf.

As soon as scours is discovered it is best to separate the affected calf from the others and carefully disinfect the pen.

Build Up a Valuable Herd.

A valuable herd can be gradually built up by raising female calves from the best cows.

Pasturing hogs reduces the amount of grain needed to bring them to a profitable weight and marketable condition.

There is no longer a doubt that it is profitable for farmers to raise their own meat under present prices of feed and meat.

In feeding live stock it will be well to remember thatilage is roughage and that it is deficient in protein or growth material.

ESKIMOS ARE HAPPY PEOPLE

Have No Fear of Death, Are Childlike in Nature, Humorous and Inquisitive.

In Herschel island, where the sun shines continuously for eight weeks in summer, the Eskimos had a sun dance, not always clothed in the garments of propriety. They had an idea that when the sun came back its movements were directed by an invisible power, but they had no tangible conception of a God. They had no belief in a future life, either of reward or punishment. Today they are religious, truthful, kind to their children and to the aged. They are ambitious to learn; they are practical, extremely industrious, sanitary in their habits, well clothed and well housed. Insanity is unknown, but tuberculosis is quite common.

They whale in summer and trap in winter. They are clever in trading, good workers on land, water and ice, and take excellent care of their household effects. Tools, if broken, are neatly repaired. When at Herschel island or Fort McPherson they eat the white man's food with great relish. In summer they eat their fish and blubber raw and in winter frozen.

The Eskimos have no fear of death; if told that death is approaching they will respond with a complacent smile. They are a very happy people. Their natures are childlike and they do not continue in the same frame of mind for two minutes at a time. They are good-natured and humorous and very inquisitive. Their emotions are sudden and short-lived—apronously happy one moment and almost crying the next.

SWIM TEN FEET A SECOND

Interesting Facts Developed in Scientific Study of Habits of Fish.

The speed at which fish can swim is summarized by the Scientific American from recent studies as follows:

"A Belgian authority, G. Denil, while studying fishways, concluded that salmon could swim at a speed of 3.15 meters a second for at least 14 meters. A Canadian, G. P. Napier, from investigations in the Fraser river, expressed the opinion that the limiting velocity of a steady stream up which a sockeye salmon could swim a very short distance was between six and seven miles an hour. Finally, H. von Bayer of the United States bureau of fisheries declared that the velocity of the current in fishways should not exceed ten feet a second. These various figures, arrived at independently, are substantially in agreement. From his own studies on fishways in Massachusetts Emerson Stringham found that a common species of alewife could swim for at least a few feet through water flowing about ten feet a second, about the limit for fishways."

Get Out of the Rut.

Have you ever stopped to consider how much like a machine you are becoming?

True, your daily duties are performed in a way which seems to suit the boss, but you jog on in the same old way, day in and day out, with movements purely mechanical.

How long do you figure that you can continue to make good by this course? Ever think of changing the methods used by you for the past several years, and which lifted you out of the ranks of the ordinary at the time you adopted them, but which are passe at the present time?

Oh, you are becoming too prosaic. There is not enough variety in your life.

Seek outdoor exercise; you need it, and you should mingle with men of up-to-date ideas; you should visit other establishments in your line of work and see how things are being done there.

You are in a rut. Get out before it is too late.

Every-Day Courage.

The courage of the rush forward, a moment of high purpose born of a sudden impulse, that is one sort. Then there is the stick-to-it courage, and that is of great value. Still another is the simple resolution to do the obvious right and best thing at the moment, without demur or timid delay, and that is the most important of all.

The quiet courage of every day, that does its best hour by hour, and accepts as part of the day's work the losses and penalties that the steadfast doing right must often bring—this is the highest courage of all. It wins no medals, it is never lauded as heroism, even its possessors seldom think of it as bravery or fortitude, yet it is the quality which keeps the moral world from defeat, and makes the common life of the common people strong and safe.

Japanese Village.

Few people realize that in the United States there is a village composed entirely of Japanese, who live their lives just as they did before leaving the Flower Kingdom. This quaint spot of interest is north of the long pier, a mile from Santa Monica. Here is the home of a number of Japanese fishermen. Their native dress, food and the daily routine of their lives are carried out as though the little village were on the far shore of Nippon. On Sundays are to be seen the native sports of the Japanese. The geisha girls serve tea and bonbons to visitors, while the young men display their prowess at wrestling, jiu-jitsu and other oriental pastimes.

Early Criticism.

Visitor—What were baby's first words? Young Father—His first words, I regret to say, were a distinct reflection upon me. They were, "Bum pa-pa." Judge.

Poetic Justice.

"What became of that fellow who swindled so many with his irrigation scheme?" "There's a genuine case of poetic justice, my boy. He died of water on the brain."

NO ADVANCE IN PRICE

ASTHMA
There is no "cure" but relief is often brought by—
VICK'S VAPORUB
25¢—50¢—\$1.00

Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE

Flies spread disease. Delay Fly Killer attracts and kills all flies. Tick, flea, mosquito, housefly, and other pests. Kills them before they can breed. Delay Fly Killer is the only fly killer that kills the eggs. Delay Fly Killer is the only fly killer that kills the eggs. Delay Fly Killer is the only fly killer that kills the eggs.

Dr. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy

For the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

Cutting Olive Trees Forbidden.

The felling of olive trees is forbidden by a decree published at Rome, which prohibits also the cutting of the principal branches of such trees except when pruning. It is provided that the regulations may be extended to mulberry trees and fruit trees by ministerial decree. The present decree is effective from the day of its publication until the end of the agricultural year following that in which peace is established.

TOO WEAK TO FIGHT

The "Come-back" man was really never down-and-out. His weakened condition because of overwork, lack of exercise, improper eating and living demands stimulation to satisfy the cry for a health-giving appetite and the refreshing sleep essential to strength. GOLD MEDAL Harlem Oil Capsules, the National Remedy of Holland, will do the work. They are wonderful. Three of these capsules each day will put a man on his feet before he knows it; whether his trouble comes from uric acid poisoning, the kidney, gravel or stone in the bladder, stomach derangement or other ailments that baffle the over-zealous American. The best known, most reliable remedy for these troubles is GOLD MEDAL Harlem Oil Capsules. This remedy has stood the test for more than 200 years since its discovery in the ancient laborer in Holland. It acts directly and gives relief at once. Don't wait until you are entirely down-and-out, but take them today. Your druggist will gladly refund your money if they do not help you. Accept no substitutes. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on every box, three sizes. There are no pure, original, imported Harlem Oil Capsules—Adv.

First Fiction Known.

The oldest work of fiction extant is thought to be the "Tale of Two Brothers," written 3200 years ago by the Theban scribe Enoch, librarian of the palace of King Menephtah, the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus. The tale, it appears, was written for the entertainment of the crown prince, who subsequently reigned as Seti I. His name appears in two places in the manuscript, probably the surviving autograph signature of an Egyptian king. This piece of antique fiction, written on nineteen sheets of papyrus in a hieratic hand, was purchased in Italy by Mme. d'Orbigny, who sold it in 1857 to the authorities of the British museum, where it is now known as the D'Orbigny papyrus.

The Lucky Horseshoe.

When Lord Fern visited the little county town of Oldham to inspect the Rutland volunteers, he found time to leave a horseshoe on the castle walls. From him immortalized the lord of the manor has descended a horseshoe from every peer of the realm on his first setting foot within the "lordship." The custom is carefully kept up, and the ever-increasing collection of hors